Giues her intelligence of her husbands
Approach: and by her inuention, and *Fords* wiues
Distraction, conueyd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck basket!

Fal. By the Lord a buck-basket, rammed me in
With foule shirts, stokins, greasie napkins,
That M. *Brooke*, there was a compound of the most
Villanous smel, that euer offended nostrill.
Ile tell you M. *Brooke*, by the Lord for your sake
I suffered three egregious deaths: First to be
Crammed like a good bilbo, in the circomference
Of a pack, Hilt to point, heele to head: and then to
Be stewed in my owne grease like a Dutch dish:
A man of my kidney; by the Lord it was maruell I
Escaped suffication; and in the heat of all this,
To be throwne into Thames like a horshoo hot:
Maister *Brooke*, thinke of that hissing heate, Maister
Brooke.

Ford. Well sir then my shute is void?
Youle vndertake it no more?

Fal. M. *Brooke*, *Ile* be throwne into Etna
As *I* haue bene in the Thames,
Ere I thus leaue her: *I* haue receiued
Another appointment of meeting,
Between ten and eleuen is the houre.

Ford: Why sir, tis almost ten alreadie:

Fal: Is it? why then will *I* addresse my selfe
For my appointment: M. *Brooke* come to me soone
At night, and you shall know how *I* speed,
And the end shall be, you shall enioy her loue:
You shall cuckold *Foord*: Come to mee soone at
at night. *Exit Falstaffe.*

Ford

For. *Is* this a dreame? *Is* it a vision?
Maister *Ford*, maister *Ford*, awake maister *Ford*,
There is a hole made in your best coat M. *Ford*,
And a man shall not only endure this wrong,
But shall stand vnder the taunt of names,
Lucifer is a good name, *Barbason* good: good
Diuels names: But cuckold, wittold, godeso
The diuel himselfe hath not such a name:
And they may hang hats here, and napkins here
Vpon my hornes: Well *Ile* home, *I* feri't him,
And vnlesse the diuel himselfe should aide him,
Ile search vnpossible places: *Ile* about it,
Least I repent too late:

Exit omnes.

Enter M. *Fenton*, *Page*, *and mistresse Quickly.*

Fen: Tell me sweet *Nan*, how doest thou yet (resolue,
Shall fooolish *Slender* haue thee to his wife?
Or one as wise as he, the learned Doctor?
Shall such as they enioy thy maiden hart?
Thou knowst that *I* haue alwaies loued thee deare,
And thou hast oft times swore the like to me.

An: Good M. *Fenton*, you may assure your selfe
My hart is setled vpon none but you,
Tis as my father and mother please:
Get their consent, you quickly shall haue mine.

Fen: Thy father thinks I loue thee for his wealth,
Tho I must needs confesse at first that drew me,
But since thy vertues wiped that trash away,
I loue thee *Nan*, and so deare is it set,
That whilst I liue, I nere shall thee forget.

Quic: Godes